

rider Davoust; and, in treating with the Allies, he failed in obtaining any stipulation for France, or for the men who had fought at Waterloo who might have so easily been protected, and at least enabled to fly. Lastly, and the only good thing about his bargaining, he totally failed to get any terms for himself, except the empty promise of retaining his post as Police Minister. This was a mere snare, at least on the part of the King, as is shown by Louis telling Vitrolles that he referred making Fouche a Minister who could be dismissed, and giving him a peerage which must be retained. Even this deceived Fouche owed entirely to the support of the Allies, who, very erroneously, believed that the presence of a regicide in the Ministry would be the best safeguard for the men of the Revolution and the Empire. His part was a more difficult task than he had expected, for he soon found that Excelsmans and others among the Bonapartists were anxious to arrest and loot him for his treachery to Napoleon.

Fouche soon again overreached himself and lost the support of the one party which must have been faithful to him, by trying to get the favor of the Royalists by signing the edict which sent some of the best soldiers and men in France to death or exile; and it was not his fault that the list was not more extensive than it was. Thanks to Heaven, and to what-vv French Saint takes the place of St. Chad, he soon had his reward. The country sent up a number of the most extreme loyalist deputies, who insisted on the dismissal of Fouche. The King, too glad to get rid of him, was also anxious to lease the Duchesse d'Angouleme, who refused even to receive Fouche. Offered an Ambassadorship, Fouche again over-reached himself by refusing that of the United States, which he might possibly have kept, and, preferring to be near France, taking that of Saxony, which he lost by the *Ordonnance* of 1816 dismissing all regicides. He died in 1820 at Trieste, where he must have met several members of the Bonaparte family. His so-called Memoirs are altogether spurious.

We owe Cambacres, the Arch-Chancellor, an apology for not giving him the place of honor, but he had fallen into a